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L I F E

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T H O M A S P A I N,

THE AUTHOR OF

R I G H T S O F M A N.

WITH

A DEFENCE OF HIS WRITINGS.

B Y

F R A N C I S O L D Y S, A.M.

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

T H E S E C O N D E D I T I O N.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE, PICCADILLY. 1791.

*** Read this, and then hand it to others, who are
requested to do likewise.

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T H E L I F E

O F

T H O M A S P A I N, &c. &c. &c.

IT has been established by the reiterated suffrage of mankind, that the lives of those persons, who have either performed useful actions, or neglected essential duties, ought to be recounted, as much for an example to the present age, as for the instruction of future times.

Few men have more justly merited the honour of this notice, either as an example to be avoided at present, or as a lesson to be learned hereafter, than the personage, whose actions we are now to recount, and whose writings we are about to defend.

The borough of Thetford, in the county of Norfolk, has in the same manner become dignified by the birth of Pain*, as the Rubicon was ennobled by the passage of Cæsar. At Thetford he was born on the 29th of January, 1736-7. His father was Joseph Pain, the son of a small but reputable farmer, a stay-maker by trade, and a Quaker in religion: His mother was Frances Cocke, the daughter of an attorney at Thetford, and of the established church. Joseph Pain was a reputable citizen, and, though poor, an honest man: Frances Cocke was a woman of a four temper and an eccentric character: and they were married in the parish of Euston, near Thetford, on the 20th of June, 1734†. By thus taking his wife from *the church*, Joseph Pain was by his own act and the rules of the Quakers, at once expelled from their community. But, neither this irregularity, nor this expulsion, prevented that benevolent sect from pitying his distresses through life, and relieving his wants as they were seen. The father and mother both lived to know their son's vices, to pity his misfortunes, to hear of his fame, but to partake little of his bounty‡. It arose probably from the tenets of the father and the eccentricity of the mother, that our author was never baptized§, though he was privately named, and never received, like true Christians, into the bosom of any church, though he was indeed confirmed by the bishop of Norwich; owing to the orthodox zeal of Mistress Cocke, his aunt, a woman of such goodness, that though she lived on a small annuity, she imparted much of this little to his mother, while he neglected his aged parent, amidst his cares for mankind.

* Our author's real name is *Pain*: his fictitious name is *Paine* with a final *e*: For, his father's name was *Pain*; his own name was *Pain*, when he married, when he corresponded with the Excise, and when he first appeared in America: but, finding some inconvenience in his real name, or seeing some advantage in a fictitious one, he thus changed the name of his family; and he thus exercised a freedom, which only great men enjoy for honourable ends.

† See the register of the parish of Euston.

‡ Joseph Pain was buried at Thetford, on the 14th of November, 1786, aged 78.— Frances Pain, widow, was buried on the 18th of May, 1789, recorded to be 94: but, as she was born in January 1697-8, the parish register makes her age to be greater than it was, though she had far outlived the period which is assigned to mortals.

§ As he was not baptized, the baptism of Thomas Pain is not entered on the parish books of Thetford. It is a remarkable fact, that the leaves of the two registers of the parishes of St. Cuthbert's and St. Peter's in Thetford, containing the marriages, births, and burials, from the end of 1733, to the beginning of 1737, have been completely cut out. Thus a felony has been committed against the public, and an injury done to individuals, by a hand very malicious and wholly unknown. Whether our author, when he resided at Thetford in 1737, looked into these registers for his own birth; what he saw, or what he did, we will not conjecture. They contain the baptism of his sister Elizabeth, on the 28th of August, 1738.

Our author was educated at the free-school of Thetford, under Mr. Knowles, who, whatever were his merits, is said never to have risen to be master. The expence of young Pain's education was defrayed, in some measure, by his father, but chiefly by the relations of his mother. He was deemed a sharp boy, of unsettled application; but he left no performances which denote juvenile vigour, or uncommon attainments. His tuition was directed, by his expectations, to what is useful, more than to what is ornamental; to reading, writing, and cyphering, which are so commodious to tradesmen, rather than to classical knowledge, which is so decorous in gentlemen. With such instruction, he left the school, at the age of thirteen, in order to learn his father's trade. The business of a staymaker he never liked, or indeed any occupation, which required attentive diligence and steady effort. He, however, worked on with his father, fitting stays for the ladies of Thetford, during six years, except for a short while that he laboured with a cousin, in making bodices for the girls of Shipdham, in the county of Norfolk. But tho' he had thus been educated, according to the recommendation of Mr. Locke; though a trade be better than house and land; yet the trade, and house, and land, are of no avail, if the person have not moral rectitude, and no heedful industry.

At the age of twenty, and in the year 1757, our author ventured to London, the common receptacle of the valiant and the wise, of the needy and the opulent, of the busy and the idle. In this crowd, which confounds the greatest with the least, Pain cannot be distinguished. With whom he worked, or whom he fitted, tradition has not recounted. It is, however, certain, that London did not enjoy long the honour of his residence; no master was helped for many months by his journeywork; and few ladies had the happiness of being stayed by his skilful hand.

He was soon prompted by his restlessness, to look for new prospects at Dover, in 1758. For almost a twelvemonth our author worked with Mr. Grace, a respectable staymaker in that ancient cinque-port. Meantime, Miss Grace either won our author's heart, or our author attempted to win the heart of Miss Grace. And the father was thus induced to lend him ten pounds, in order to enable our adventurer to set up as a master staymaker at Sandwich. Yet is it certain, that he neither married the lady, nor repaid the loan.

At Sandwich he settled early in 1759. Biographers have been diligent to discover in what houses famous men had lived at particular periods of their depression, or their elevation. Of our author it can be only told, that he lodged in the market-place. The well-known antiquary of this ancient port has not yet determined, whether he were not the first who had here used the mystery of stay-making. It is, however, certain, that he practised other arts. There is a tradition, that in his lodging he collected a congregation, to whom he preached as an independent, rather than a methodist. While thus occupied, he became enamoured of the person, or the property, of Mary Lambert, the waiting maid of the wife of Richard Solly, an eminent woollen-draper at Sandwich. Mary Lambert, who is still praised by her own sex as a pretty girl of modest behaviour, our author married on the 27th of September, 1759*. She was the daughter of James Lambert, who, with his wife Mary, came to Sittingbourne, as

* In the church register there is the following entry:—Thomas Pain, of the parish of St. Peter's, in the town of Sandwich, in Kent, bachelor, and Mary Lambert of the same parish, spinster, were married in this church, by licence, this 27th day of Sept. 1759, by me
WILLIAM BUNCE, Rector.

In the presence of THOMAS TAYLOR.
JOHN JOSLIN, MARIA SOLLY,

THOMAS PAIN.
MARY LAMBERT

and

an exciseman, some time before the year 1736; and who was soon after dismissed for misconduct: on this dismissal he set up a shop; but made greater gains, by acting as bum-bailiff of Sittingbourne; yet he died in bad circumstances, on the 24th of May, 1753 †; his wife dying about the same time, in a mad-house. The women of Sandwich, to this hour, express their surprise, *that so fine a girl should have married so old a fellow*: yet, Mary was scarcely twenty-one †; while Thomas was only twenty-two. The fact is, that our author has always appeared to female eyes a dozen years older than he was, owing to the hardness of his features, or to the scars of disease.

Marriage is the great epoch of a man's life. Our author was now to maintain his wife and family by his trade. The tradition of Sandwich still repeats, that he expected a fortune on his marriage, which he never found. In expectation there are doubtless degrees of comparison. A man beginning life, as a stay-maker, on ten pounds of borrowed money, has other hopes and other fears, than men of vast wealth and unbounded expectancy. He certainly was disappointed both in his pleasure and his profit: and disappointment has a sad effect on the human constitution. Two months had hardly elapsed, when our author's ill usage of his wife became apparent to the whole town, and excited the indignation of some, with the pity of others. Influenced by the genuine goodness of the English character, Mrs. Solly relieved the distresses of her favourite maid with constant solicitude. For almost a twelvemonth this unhappy couple lived in comfortless lodgings. At length he took a house, without being able to furnish it. Mr. Rutter, a reputable broker of Sandwich, supplied him with such furniture as he wanted. But it soon appeared, that our author rather desired relief than wished for residence. And being embarrassed with debts, and goaded by duns, he took the opportunity of the first Sunday morning to sail from Sandwich, with his wife and goods, to Margate; where he sold by auction the same furniture, which Mr. Rutter had supplied him on credit.

Our author, we fear, committed on this occasion an old crime, which has now a new name. In Henry VIIIth days, he who obtained another's property by false tokens, was punished by pillory, as a cheat §. In George II'd's reign*, persons convicted of obtaining goods by false pretences, were to be transported, as swindlers. What a fine opportunity for our metaphysical statesmen to discuss, not so much our author's practice, as our author's principles. Had Thomas Pain been indicted at the Old Bailey, he might have insisted, as he now insists, that the laws of England did not exist; and that the judges did not sit on the bench. The court would have been reduced to the dilemma of either sending him to Bedlam, or to Bridewell; or of proceeding with the trial, and adjudging the guilty culprit to the colonies, or the cart's-tail. The before-mentioned metaphysicians would have perhaps exclaimed, *that in force there is no argument*. True: But, as philosophers, you do not surely dispute first principles; as logicians, you must not argue against facts. Whether the laws of Great Britain actually exist, is not a theory to be debated, but a fact to be acknowledged: and he who denies the existence of those objects, which with his senses he perceives, is not so much a declaimer to be confuted, as a mad-man to be confined, or a cheat to be corrected.

But, admitting, that facts cannot be debated, that first principles must not be denied, that one's own existence must not be doubted, yet our

† The Parish Register of Sittingbourne.

† Mary, the daughter of James and Mary Lambert, was baptized on the 1st of January, 1738. See the parish register of Sittingbourne. § By 33 Hen. viii. ch. 1. * 3 Geo. 2. c. 24.

author might have pleaded what he now pleads, that since the statute of Henry VIII. was made, before he was born, he ought not to be sent to the pillory under its provisions. Whether the court would have ordered the trial to proceed, or have stopped to argue a plea, which is not usually urged, must have depended on circumstances rather than on practice. You are tried, good-nature might have said, under rules, which, having once been established by the Society, must remain in force till the same authority shall repeal them. Laws, as they must equally apply to all persons, and must be uniformly executed at all times, cannot depend on circumstances so fleeting in their nature, and so unefficacious in their end, as the birth of some persons, and the death of others. If no criminals could be tried but those who drew their first breath since the existence of the law, many would be unrestrained, while the few alone could be punished. If society be a blessing, this blessing could not be enjoyed, were the members of society to be in this manner opposed to each other; the guilty against the innocent; the profligate against the virtuous; and the strong against the weak. As the culprit's plea strikes at the foundation of society, society must either relinquish its authority, or reject a plea, which is destructive of itself. Thus every criminal, who denies the authority of those laws, that the society has enacted, and continues to enforce, puts himself in a state of warfare against the society, which is obliged, by a regard to its own security, to inform him of the sad alternative, either of submitting, or ceasing to exist.

Against the act of George II. for the punishment of swindlers, our author might have insisted, as he still insists, that though it was made since he was born, he had not consented to be bound by its penalties. Those philosophers, the court might have said, who resolve the sanction of laws into consent, must either argue against fact, and therefore argue illogically, or they must admit that this consent may be either express or virtual. Children, who are protected by society from the moment of their existence, are obliged to obey the rules of society, even before they arrive at such maturity of reason as to give their consent in the smallest affairs. Strangers, who land on our shore, virtually declare, by the act of their landing, that they are willing to obey the laws of the country. When Englishmen circumnavigate the globe, they virtually avow, wherever they may touch, for refreshments or inquiry, that they are willing to conform to the customs of the people whatever they may be. The most civilized citizen, who goes amongst the rudest savages, must profess peace, and practise obedience, or he would be treated as an enemy. Every man, therefore, who walks about among a people, avowing his disobedience to their laws, because he had not consented to their sanctions, declares himself to be in a state of warfare to all around him, like a savage in a wilderness. This last plea of our author, like his two former ones, must have been equally rejected by the court, as such an attack upon the existence of society, as makes society hostile to him.

During a disputatious age, it would be an excellent question for metaphysical disquisition, how much more good had resulted to the world, had our author, when his peculiar pleas were thus rejected, been transported to the plantations at the public expence, in 1760, instead of transporting himself, at his own expence, in 1774. It might easily be proved without the arithmetical powers of Dr. Price, that our author's seven years servitude would have expired in 1767. With his admirable pen he would have been just ready at that critical epoch to have brought forward all the blessings of independence, at least seven years sooner. Great Britain would in the same manner, and in the same time, have equally partaken in the benefits of their independence. The French too would have

have seven years sooner enjoyed the felicity of so bloodless a revolution, and so tranquil a freedom. And last, but not least, the Constitutional Society would have seven years sooner possessed the heartfelt happiness, amidst the exhilaration of victuals and wine, of avowing their monarchical principles to an admiring world.

When our author had disposed of Mr. Rutter's goods at Margate, he once more mingled with the crowds of London. Of the fate of his wife, rumour has spoken variously. By some she is said to have died on the road of ill usage, and a premature birth. The women of Sandwich are positive, that she died in the British Lying-in Hospital, in Brownlow-street, Long-acre; but the register of this charity, which is kept with commendable accuracy, evinces, that she had not been received into this laudable refuge of female wretchedness*. And there are others, who have convinced themselves by diligent enquiry, that she is still alive, though the extreme obscurity of her retreat prevents ready discovery. The trials which our author had made of his trade, as they had brought him no pleasure and little gain, induced him to renounce it at this time for ever. When a youth, he had inquired into the duty, and envied the perquisites, of an exciseman. His wife had, doubtless, spoken of the honours and emoluments of her father. And he was induced by these considerations in July, 1761, to seek for shelter in his father's house, that he might prosecute in quiet privacy the great object of his future course.

After fourteen months of study and trials our author was established in the excise, in December, 1762, at the age of twenty-five. He owed this gratification of his wishes to the friendly interference of Mr. Cockfedge, the learned recorder of Thetford. He was soon sent as a supernumerary to gage the brewers of Grantham; and in August, 1764, he was employed to watch the smugglers of Alford. Whether, while he thus walked at Grantham, or rode as an exciseman at Alford, his practices had been misrepresented by malice, or his dishonesty had been detected by watchfulness, tradition has not told us: but, it is certain, that he was dismissed from his office, in August, 1765.

Our author, who appears to have had from nature no desire of accumulation, or rather no care of the future, was now reduced to extreme wretchedness. He was absolutely without food, without raiment, and without shelter. Bad, alas! must that man be who finds no friends in London. He met with persons, who, from disinterested kindness, gave him clothes, money, and lodging. Thus he lived till the beginning of July, 1766, when he was restored to the excise. But mere restoration did not bring him present employment, or necessary supplies. And he was about the same time obliged to enter into the service of Mr. Noble, who kept the great Academy in Lemon-street, Goodman's-fields, at a salary of twenty pounds a year, with five pounds for finding his own lodging. Here he continued, teaching English, and walking out with the children, till Christmas, 1766, disliked by the mistresses, who still remembers him, and hated by the boys, who were terrified by his harshness. Mr. Noble relinquished our author, without much regret, to Mr. Gardnor, who then taught a reputable school at Kensington: yet, owing to whatever cause, he walked with Mr. Gardnor's scholars only the three first months of 1767. His desire of preaching now returned on him: but applying to his old master for a certificate to the bishop of London, of his qualifications, Mr. Noble told his former usher, that since he was only an English scholar, he could not recommend him as a proper candidate for ordina-

* A diligent search in the books of the *London Lying-in Hospital* in the City Road found no such person as Mistress Pain to have died in it, during the years 1760, or 1761.

tion in the church: yet our author determined to persevere in his purpose, without regular orders. And he preached in Moorfields, and in various populous places in England, as he was urged by his necessities, or directed by his spirit. The text, which so emphatically inculcates, *meddle not with them that are given to change*, we may easily suppose he superficially explained, or seldom enforced.

The scene ere long shifted; and our author was at length to play an old part on a new stage. In March, 1768, he was sent, after some delays, to be excise-officer at Lewes, in Sussex. He now went to lodge with Mr. Samuel Ollive, a tobacconist and shop-keeper of fair repute, in Lewes: but he seems to have learned no practical lessons from his recent removals and his former distress. At the age of thirty-one he was rather ambitious to shine as a *jolly fellow* among his private companions, to whom, however, he exposed a temper, obstinate and overbearing, than to be considered by his official superiors as an exciseman, remarkable for diligence and fidelity: and such were his enterprize on the water, and his intrepidity on the ice, that he became known by the appellation of *commodore*. He lived on, suspected as an exciseman, and unbeloved as a friend, with Samuel Ollive till his death, in July, 1769. This worthy tobacconist died rather in bad circumstances, leaving a widow, one daughter, and several sons, who have prospered as industrious citizens, and are respected as honest men. Our author, attempting to retain some of the effects of the deceased, was turned out of the house by Mr. Atterfol, the executor, with such circumstances as implied distrust of his integrity. He found his way, however, into the house of Ollive, in 1770, by means of the widow and the daughter, who, doubtless, looked on him with other eyes. He opened ere long the shop, in his own name, as a grocer, and on his own behalf continued to work the tobacco-mill of Ollive, however contrary both the shop and the mill were to the maxims of the excise. Such was his address, or his artifice, that though he had promoted the buying of smuggled tobacco, he was able, for several years, to cover his practices, and to retain his protector.

The year 1771 forms one of the happy periods of his life. At the age of thirty-four he now married Elizabeth Ollive, the daughter of his old landlord, who was eleven years younger than himself*, and who was a woman of such personableness and purity, as to attract men of higher rank and greater delicacy. Pain had, however, gained her affections; and she would have him, contrary to the advice of Mr. Atterfol, her father's friend, and the remonstrances of her own relations. This marriage began inauspiciously, and ended unhappily. Before our author could have obtained his marriage license, he swore that he was a *bachelor* when he knew that he was a *widower*, if indeed his first wife were deceased. As to the sanction of an oath, he had learned that commodious maxim of the celebrated moralist: "—That he who made, and forced it, broke it; not he, that for convenience took it." Our author was, on this occasion, instrumental too, with his understanding clear and his eyes open, in entering on the register that he was a *bachelor*, though he knew he was a *widower*. Now, the statute †, yclept the Marriage-act, which some consider as an infringement of mens rights and womens rights, declares it to be felony, without benefit of clergy, wilfully to make a false

* The following entry appears on the parish register of St. Michael, in Lewes:—Thomas Pain, *bachelor*, and Elizabeth Ollive, spinster, were married in this church, by license, the 26th of March, 1771.

By me, ROBERT AUSTEN, Curate.

(Signed)

Witnesses,

THOMAS PAIN, ELIZABETH OLLIVE.

HENRY VERRALL, THOMAS OLLIVE.

† 26 Geo. II. ch. 33.

entry on the register, with intention to defeat the salutary purposes of recording truth, discriminating characters, and ascertaining property. Yet, our author, however he may use other mens goods as his own, whatever he may think of the sacredness of oaths, however he may regard the integrity of registers, can easily plead, that since he never consented to be bound by what the nation had solemnly enacted, he cannot be guilty; a doctrine which is convenient indeed to him, however injurious to the people, whose property and whose happiness are secured by fair dealing and honest practice; by the sanction of oaths, and the authenticity of records.

After these vicissitudes of fortune, and those varieties of fame, our author commenced public writer in 1771. The electors of New Shoreham had lately shone with such uncommon lustre, as to attract parliamentary notice, and to incur parliamentary disfranchisement*. A new election was now to be held, not so much in a new manner, as on new principles. The poets of Lewes were called upon by Rumbold, the candidate of fair pretensions, to furnish an appropriate song. Our author obtained the laurel, with three guineas for his pains. It may, then, be doubted, whether it be strictly true, what he asserted, in his news-paper altercations, in 1779, that till the epoch of his *Common Sense*, he had never published a syllable.

If the distributing of printed papers be publication, it will soon appear that our author had not been quite innocent of publishing, in England. He had risen, by superior energy, more than by greater honesty, to be a chief among the excisemen. They had long seen, that whatever increase there had been in private wealth, or in public revenue, *no increase came to them*. Their allowance of one shilling and nine-pence farthing a day, which had been always little, was now made less, by the rise in the price of provisions, from the establishment of taxes, and the expansion of luxury. They thought themselves shut out from the general blessing; which they beheld, said our author, *like a map of Peru*. A design was thus formed by the excise officers throughout the kingdom, to apply to Parliament for a consideration of the state of their salaries. A common contribution was made for the common benefit. And our author engaged to write *their Case*, which he produced, after many months labour, in 1772. This is an octavo pamphlet of twenty-one pages, which, exclusive of *The Introduction*, is divided into two heads; *The State of the Salary of the Officers of Excise*; *Thoughts on the Corruption, arising from the Poverty of Excise Officers*. On these topics he says all that the ablest writer could have said. Truth indeed easily slides into the mind without the assistance of ability, or the recommendations of artifice. But, if our author's maiden pamphlet be inspected by critical malignity, it will be found, like his maturer writings, to abound in the false grammar of illiterature, and the false thoughts of inexperience. Vigour of sentiment and energy of manner will not be denied him. His first pamphlet will be considered as his best performance by all those, who regard truth as superior to falsehood, modesty to impudence, and just complaint to factious innovation.

Four thousand of *The Case* were printed by Mr. William Lee of Lewes, in 1772. But even the copies, which were intended for the Members of Parliament, were not all distributed. Our author on that occasion wrote a letter concerning the Nottingham officers, which was printed on a folio sheet; and to these he added another letter, enforcing his case, on a folio page. Yet, all these efforts ended in no application to Parliament, though our author bustled in London, through the winter of 1773. A

* By 11 George III. ch. 55.

rebellion of the excisemen, who seldom have the populace on their side, was not much feared by their superiors. The excisemen could only reproach our author for receiving their money, without obtaining them redress. And of Pain, who employed him, the printer complained, that he had never been paid for printing, though much had been contributed and little had been spent. This is a memorable instance how easily men may be led on to complain of their present situation, without any other success, than making their subsequent condition worse than their first.

Those were not our author's only cares, who was soon to encounter other evils. With the year 1774 misfortunes crowded fast upon him. He is one of those characters, who, as they attend more to other men's affairs than their own, are frequently distinguished, in the world, by misfortune's scars. His inattention to his shop, ere long left him, without a shop to attend. Difficulties soon brought on distress; and distress drove him to do what strict honesty did not absolutely warrant. He made a bill of sale of his whole effects to Mr. Whiffeld, a reputable grocer at Lewes, who was his principal creditor; and who, seeing no hope of payment from his constant irregularities, took possession of the premises, which he disposed of as his own, in April 1774*. The other creditors, thinking themselves outwitted by Whiffeld and cheated by Pain, let loose the terriers of the law upon him. Like other hunted animals, our author run for refuge to the Whitehart-inn, in the cock-loft of which he lay, without bedding, and but for the female servant, had been without food, till Sunday set him free. Alas! how often do men enjoy the greatest benefits from the institutions of religion and the rules of society, without reflecting, that in the first alone is their hope, in the second only is their safety!

Troubles seldom come alone. He had long been known at Lewes as an officer, inattentive, if not unfaithful. He had sometimes condescended, for the purpose of concealment, *to drink a bottle with the examiner*†. But, the eagle-eyes of the excise were not to be blinded by bottles. With the watchfulness, and jealousy, and acuteness, which make the excise the cleanest collector at the smallest rate, his superiors had for some time beheld him dealing as a grocer in exciseable articles, as a grinder of snuff, buying smuggled tobacco; at others conniving, in order to conceal himself. He was therefore dismissed from the excise after a dozen years service, in April 1774. He petitioned for restoration: but, such was his notorioufness, that his patron was unable to protect him.

What had been seen at Sandwich of his conjugal tyranny, was ere long observed at Lewes. Such was the meekness of his wife that she suffered patiently: but as his embarrassments did not mollify a temper,

* Mr. Whiffeld, by publishing the following advertisement, exposed to the whole town of Lewes, the desperate state of his debtor's circumstances: "To be sold by auction, on Thursday the 14th of April, and following day, all the household furniture, stock in trade, and other effects, of Thomas Pain, grocer and tobaccoist, near the West Gate, in Lewes: Also, a horse-tobacco and snuff mill, with all the utensils for cutting of tobacco and grinding of snuff; and two unopened crates of cream-coloured stone ware."

† As every scrap of a great writer is interesting to the curious, we have preserved the subjoined extract of a letter from our author to a superior excise officer, dated at Lewes, the 24th of March, 1774:

"Dear Sir,

"I have requested Mr. Scott to put ye 3d and 4th rd. books for 74 under examination, for as I was in London almost all last winter, I have no other, which have any business in them—Request the favour (if not too inconvenient) to inquire and inform me when they are ordered—and if you can find out the examiner, desire you will drink a bottle or two of wine with him—I should like the character to go in as fair as it can."

which

which is from nature harsh; as his subordination to others did not soften his treatment of inferiors, from neglect of his wife, he proceeded to contumely; from contumely he went on to cruelty; when, being no longer able to support his repeated beatings, she complained to her friends. She, at length, told, that at the end of three and a half year's cohabitation, their marriage had never been consummated. It now became a question among the men, and among the women of Lewes, what could be the cause, that in so long a period, he had not performed the promise, which is so emphatically enforced in the connubial ceremony; whether it could be owing to natural imbecility, or to philosophical indifference. In the midst of this disquisition, our author had the dignity, or the meanness, to submit to the inspection of the faculty; and Mr. Manning, a very skilful surgeon of Lewes, reported, that he saw apparent ability. Our author said himself, "that he married for prudential reasons, and abstained for prudential reasons." Alas! are the rights of men, the boast of the new philosophy, to subsist thus in personal convenience, which disregards solemn engagements, and contemns the rights of others! On the 24th of May, 1774, Pain and his wife entered into articles of separation, which were skilfully drawn by Mr. Josiah Smith, a respectable attorney of Lewes; she engaging to pay her husband thirty-five pounds; and he promising to claim no part of whatever goods she might gain in future.

Our author immediately hid himself in the obscurities of London. But though he was unseen, he was not inactive: he contrived to discover his wife's retreat in the house of her benevolent brother, who, though he had disapproved her marriage, now sheltered her distress. The husband found no difficulty in disquieting the wife's repose. He disputed the articles of separation, which he had recently executed with such solemnity. The occasion gave rise to a question among the civilians, who are most conversant in matrimonial matters, whether this marriage were not void, *ab initio*. They thought clearly, that natural imbecility had annulled the connubial tie; but they doubted, whether malicious impotence amounted to habitual deficiency, though it was doubtless a sufficient cause for a divorce, *a mensa et thoro*. The common lawyers, who consider marriage merely as a contract, held the *bad faith* of the husband, in refusing to perform what he had solemnly stipulated, to have absolutely vitiated the original agreement. Amidst these doubts and difficulties, on the 4th of June, 1774, the husband and wife entered into new articles of separation, which amounted to a declaration on his part, *that he no longer found a wife a convenience*; and on her part, *that she had too long suffered the miseries of such a husband*.

Neither the bankruptcy, nor dismissal from office, nor separation from his wife, weakened our author's interest with the late George Lewis Scott, who had been appointed a commissioner of excise in 1758; and who, having been first attracted by *the case* of the excisemen, was afterwards captivated by the softness of his manner, which concealed the harshness of his spirit. When his patron, whose literature is remembered, while his benevolence is forgotten, could not, for the third time, obtain our author's restoration as an officer of excise, he recommended him strongly to that great man Dr. Benjamin Franklin, as a person who could, at that epoch, be useful in America. The Doctor having recently felt the mortification of dismissing himself, was supposed to be a philosopher who was softened by his suffering. But the Doctor's heart was now contracted by age. His knowledge of political life made him consider confidence as the virtue of infancy: and he was displeased with his old acquaintance, for recommending *such a character* to his notice. Our author had, however, resolved

resolved to renounce his country, since his country had so often frowned on him: and in September, 1774, he set sail for America, where tumult then reigned triumphant; where the busy might find employment, and the idle associates; the base concealment, and the brave applause.

Meantime, rumour carried to our author's mother, representations of his latter life, which were probably exaggerated by enmity, or mistated by malice. She certainly felt, that a child's ingratitude is sharper than a serpent's tooth. She was almost distracted by her feelings; and she regretted with a woman's sympathy, that the wife, whose character had defied enquiry, and whose amiableness deserved esteem, should be tied for life to the worst of husbands*.

Our author happily arrived at Philadelphia in winter, 1774, a few months, as he recounts himself, before the battle of Lexington, in April, 1775†. His first employment, in the new world, was shopman to Mr. Aitkin, a very industrious bookseller, in Philadelphia, at twenty pounds a year. He, who was born to illuminate the western hemisphere by his wisdom, was for some months engaged in retailing politics by the pennyworth, and carrying parcels by the dozen. It shews the strength of his character, and the vigour of his powers, that he should have speedily risen from the shopman to the statesman; from being the distributor of stationary, to be the dismemberer of provinces.

From the shop he started to the laboratory, in November, 1775, in order to furnish the Congress with saltpetre, when foreign supplies were stopped, and domestic resources were doubtful. He now employed his fertile genius in making experiments for the purpose of fixing on some easy, cheap, and expeditious method of making saltpetre. He proposed the plan of a saltpetre association, for voluntarily supplying the public magazines with gunpowder†. He thus evinced to the approving Congress, that he could furnish other instruments of independence than the pen. November 1775 was an anxious moment, when every hand was busy, and Pain ran about among the Philadelphians, like a giant among pigmies.

The great, the important day, was now arrived, when our author was to dispel the louring clouds by *his* refulgence, to illuminate the new world by *his* sun, to invigorate by *his* brighter beams, and to direct by *his* superior lustre. On the 10th of January, 1776, was published Com-

* We subjoin the following letter from our author's mother to his wife; not only for its own merit, but because it ascertains his identity and illustrates his character:

"Dear Daughter,

Thetford, Norfolk, 27th July, 1774.

"I must beg leave to trouble you with my enquiries concerning my unhappy son and your husband: various are the reports, the which I find come originally from the Excise-office. Such as his vile treatment to you, his secreting upwards of 30l. intrusted with him to manage the petition for advance of salary; and that since his discharge, he have petitioned to be restored, which was rejected with scorn. Since which I am told he have left England. To all which I beg you'll be kind enough to answer me by due course of post.—You'll not be a little surpris'd at my so strongly desiring to know what's become of him after I repeat to you his undutiful behaviour to the tenderest of parents; he never asked of us any thing, but what was granted, that were in our poor abilities to do; nay even distressed ourselves, whose works are given over by old age, to let him have 20l. on bond, and every other tender mark a parent could possibly shew a child; his ingratitude, or rather want of duty, has been such, that he have not wrote to me upwards of two years.—If the above account be true, I am heartily sorry, that a woman whose character and amiableness, deserves the greatest respect, love, and esteem, as I have always on enquiry been informed yours did, should be tied for life to the worst of husbands.

—I am, dear daughter, your affectionate mother,

"F. PAIN."

"P. S. For God's sake, let me have your answer, as I am almost distracted."

† Al. Rememb. 1778-9, pag. 319.

† Pennsylv. Journal, Nov. 22d. 1775.

MOR

MON SENSE, an octavo pamphlet of three and sixty pages*. This disquisition opens with a political discovery, which had escaped the sagacity of Sydney, and eluded the understanding of Locke: "That *society* and *government* are not only different, but have different origins; that *society* is a *good*, and *government* an *evil*." This fundamental dogma was not heard however, without a satisfactory answer. *Society*, it was said, is the *union* of man for the safety of individuals; *happiness* is the *end* of this *union*; and *government* is the *means* for the *attainment* of this *end*: Now, if you remove the *means*, either in practice, or in argument, you at the same time destroy the *end*; and if you defeat the *end*, you thereby dissolve the *union*. Government and society being thus parts of one whole, and being thus directed to the same end, have the same origin, and cannot without each other exist. In this manner, then, is your COMMON SENSE plainly converted into NON SENSE. It was CATO†, our author's most formidable antagonist, who argued thus with all the sententiousness and authority of his great precursor of the Roman state. But CATO did not sufficiently attend to our author's purpose; who intended more to misrepresent than to reason; more to deceive than to convince: and his design led him naturally to separate society from government, and to declare society to be always a good, but government even of the best form to be every where an evil; he could not have meant what he certainly said‡, because the unqualified assertion is inconsistent with Common Sense; but he must have intended no more than that *good government is only an evil to evil-doers*.

Whatever may be the value of this fundamental dogma in theory, or its use in practice, it was afterwards stolen by the Abbé Raynal, one of the metaphysical statesmen of the age, who writes history, as men take cathartics, for discharging crudities, and for the pleasure of evacuation§. The Abbé appears to have been so delighted, when he found it, that he did not consider the immorality of appropriating as his own what belonged to another: perhaps he regarded it as one of the rights of men, to adopt kindly what he saw struggling for reception into the republic of letters. Our author however reclaimed his goods, and by plain collation proved his property||, and convicted the culprit. Yet, as there are men who doubt their own existence, so were there sceptics who disputed, whether this dogma were a discovery either of Raynal, or of Pain. The doubts produced a passage from an eminent lawyer of the last century, who wrote with the precision of prose, yet with the neatness of poetry:

" — Broken laws are ne'er the worse ;	" They have no power but to admonish,
" Nay, till they're broken have no force.	" Cannot controul, coerce, or punish,
" What's Justice to a man, or Laws,	" Until they're broken, and then touch,
" That never comes within their claws ?	" Those only that do make them such."

Whether Cato disdained to pull down the superstructure after he had destroyed the foundation, may be inferred, but cannot be discovered. He certainly insisted through several papers‡, that he who treats the *best*

* In the Pennsylvania Journal, dated the 10th of January, 1776, there is the following advertisement: "This day was published, and is now selling by Robert Bell, in Third-street, [Philadelphia,] price two shillings, *Common Sense*, addressed to the inhabitants of "North America." As there was no previous advertisement, this fixes the date of the publication, which historians have mistaken.

† CATO was William Smith, D. D. the president of the college of Philadelphia, who was countenanced and assisted by some of the ablest members of the first Congress. He was a veteran writer of established practice.

‡ In p. 1, and through the whole section, which treats of *the Origin and Design of Government*.

§ In the Revolution of America, by Abbé Raynal, p. 33.

|| By his Letter to Abbé Raynal, p. 38, &c. ‡ In the Pennsylvania Journal.

government as an evil may be allowed to assert, "that the constitution of England, being an union of three powers reciprocally checking each other, is farcical;" that he who pronounces, "that no power which needs checking can be from God*," may be permitted to tell how government by kings is the most prosperous invention the devil ever sat on foot for the promotion of idolatry: that he whose purpose is to please the low, may easily insult the high; that he who seldom reasons may often rail; and that he whose design is to dissolve society may practise any means. All this our author did not hear patiently. The stay-maker attacked the scholar through the same channel, under the title of *A Forrester* †. The onset was furious, and the victory doubtful. The stay-maker had most popularity; the scholar had most knowledge; the first had most smartness; the last had most strength: our author's art consisted in assumption of premises, and sophistry of deduction; Cato's power lay in solidity of principle, and justness of reasoning: the exciseman, for once, had the applause of the mob; the president of the college was approved by the young who read, and by the old who thought ‡.

Yet it cannot be denied that *common sense* was universally perused, and loudly praised. For the minds of the Colonists had been prepared by the previous publication of *Burgh's Disquisitions*; and by the essays of similar writers;

"Who fancy every thing that is,

"For want of mending, much amiss."

Whatever is received, said the sapience of Johnson, *is received in proportion to the recipient*. The planters had long wished the doctrines of *common sense* to be true; and they thought the author infallible: they had, for years, been travelling on the road of independence; and Pain shewed them the shortest way. The first edition was quickly sold. A second, with a supplement of *one third more*, was immediately prepared. A German translation was printed ||. Bell, the bookseller, was changed, according to our author's uniformity of acting, for Bradford, the printer: yet, after all these editions, and all this applause, this wonder-working pamphlet brought the writer of it in debt to the publisher £29:12:1½, as he has told, who best knew §.

But, who wrote it was the wonder. It must be Adams, said the Bostonians; it must be Franklin, said the Philadelphians; it must be Washington, said the Virginians. Many months had not elapsed, when our author claimed his profit and his praise. Neither was this profit much diminished, nor this praise much prevented, by the *Answer*, entitled PLAIN TRUTH, which, as it was hastily written, was inattentively read; and, as it only taught the dull duty of obedience, was not much heard amidst the ravings of anarchy.

* Page 8.

† In the *Pennsylvania Journal*, the first *Forrester* was published on the third of April, 1776; and the fourth Essay, which was the last, appeared on the 8th of May, 1776.

‡ The scholar was studious to expose the stay-maker as an illiterate writer: his false grammar thus:—"Many circumstances *batb*, and will arise. [Intro.] "Here is the origin and rise of government." [P. 4.] "Absolute governments *batb* this advantage." [P. 5.] "That the Commons is a check upon the king. [P. 6.]—"Whom it has always supposed wiser than *him*. A mere absurdity!" [P. 7.] His improprieties thus:—"William the Conqueror was a usurper." [P. 20.]—"a union." [P. 25.]—After thus shewing false grammar and false idiom, nonsensicalness [25—26] and coarseness [every where], the scholar exclaimed;—"That it would degrade criticism to chase a child to his horn-book. But, the president of the college should have remembered, that classical writing was not to be expected from a mere stay-maker, a mere grocer, a mere exciseman; but that he is the true orator, who gains his end by affecting, and convincing. It was the first American edition of *Common Sense*, which the scholar quoted against the stay-maker. The edition of Almon was castrated and amended by some other hand. || *Pennsylv. Journal* 31 Jan. 1776. § See Pain's Declaration in Almon's Rem. 1780, Part I. p. 295.

Common

Common Sense was at that time written to support *the Congress*; but *the Congress* afterwards confuted *Common Sense*. At the end of seven years experience, the Congress ingratfully determined *, notwithstanding our author's capital dogma, that anarchy is an evil to be avoided, and government a good to be cherished; that sovereignty and subordination, being contradictory qualities, cannot both exist in the same societies, or in the same persons; that the individuals, who compose any political union, cannot be safe, if they be not restrained; that where happiness is the end of a people, much must be sacrificed to the means, whereby this end can alone be secured. In this strain it was, that the wonderful wise man, General Washington, wrote the following paragraph, when he announced the final determinations of the united wisdom of the New World †:—"It is obviously impracticable in the federal government of these states, to secure all the rights of independent sovereignty to each, and yet provide for the interest and safety of all. Individuals, entering into society, must give up a share of liberty to preserve the rest. The magnitude of the sacrifice must depend as well on situation and circumstance, as on the object to be obtained." These must be allowed to be excellent observations, though they be not altogether new. All these and more are taught to every Englishman in his nursery, except, indeed, those Englishmen, who are educated at Geneva and Lausanne, at Warrington and Hackney.

The times that tried men's souls (as our author has it) were, in America, the year 1776. When all was done that the pen could do, the sword was drawn. But, the first onset was unfavourable to the American arms. The troops of Congress were expelled from Canada in June. They were defeated on Long-Island in August. They evacuated New York in September. They fled from the White Plains in October. And Fort Washington, (a happy name) though garrisoned by three thousand patriots, was taken by storm on the 16th of November. In the midst of these defeats, our author was prompted by his courage, or his zeal, to join the army: but, whether to counsel, to command, or to obey, curiosity could not discover amid the din of war. It is only certain, that he accompanied the retreat of Washington, from Hudson's River to the Delaware. Like Xenophon our author saw, and has recorded ‡ the events of this famous march, which may be likened to the celebrated retreat of the ten thousand. When Washington had crossed the Delaware, he might have exclaimed with Francis, *all is lost, but our honour*. The Congress fled. All was dismay. Not so our author: he publicly thanked God, that he did not fear: he saw no cause for fear. He knew well their situation, and saw his way out of it. He endeavoured, with no inconsiderable success, to make others see with his eyes, to inspire others with his confidence. It was with this design that he published in the Pennsylvania Journal, on the 19th of December, 1776, *The Crisis* §, wherein he states every topic of hope, and examines every motive of apprehension. This *Essay* he continued to publish periodically, during the continuance of hostilities, as often as the necessity of affairs required, that he should conceal truth, or propagate falsehood; that he should exhilarate despondency, or repress hope §.

* In the convention, which was held at Philadelphia, in September, 1787; and which settled the present constitution of the United States.

† It was part of the letter which he wrote on the 17th of September, 1787, as president of the grand convention, when he communicated to congress the establishment of a new constitution on new principles.

‡ In *The Crisis*, No I.—There is a journal of this retreat in *Al. Rem.* 1777, p. 28, which was plainly written by Pain. || *Alm. Rem.* 1777, p. 11.

§ *The Crisis*, No XIII. was published at Philadelphia the 19th of April, 1783, the same day that a cessation of hostilities was proclaimed. This was the last. [*Alm. Rem.* 1783, Part II. p. 105.]

In the midst of those defeats and of that dismay, the Congress dispatched agents to foreign powers to solicit warlike stores, and to engage experienced officers. Deane, Franklin, and Arthur Lee, met together at Paris, in December, 1776, where they excited sympathy, whatever relief they obtained. Our author did more real service, by publishing another *Crisis* on the 13th of January, 1777*, whereby he tried with wonderful success to inspire confidence in their own abilities, and to infuse contempt of their opponent's negotiation and arms. The year 1777 was to the Congress a period of alternate elation and depression, but of final triumph. At first, its European concerns were managed by a *Committee for Secret Correspondence*: but, as its demands for European aid became more urgent, the Secret Committee was converted into the *Committee for Foreign Affairs*. Of this Committee our author was now appointed Secretary, as an approbation of his writings, and as a reward of his labours. All foreign letters, that were officially written by Congress, after this epoch, went from his office: the political epistles of Congress rested afterwards in his hands†. From that notable æra of his honours, our author enjoyed the correspondence, though not the confidence, of Franklin, who we may remember, rejected him as a *bad character*, in 1774; and who perhaps did not consider his morals as much mended, even in 1777‡.

Our author's office required him in future to reside with Congress, who, wheresoever it fled, or howsoever it were situated, deserve the praise of steady firmness§. The success, which was the result of this magnanimity, did not however prevent interestedness, or defeat cabal. In December, 1777, Silas Deane, the first and ablest commercial agent of Congress in Europe, was recalled, to make room for William Lee, the well known Alderman of London. Deane arrived on board the French fleet in July, 1778. The Sieur Gerard was publicly received by Congress, on the sixth of the subsequent August. In this manner was intrigue transferred to Philadelphia from Paris. Deane was twice heard by the Congress, on the 9th and 21st of August, in order to explain, what he had been recalled to elucidate, the Congress affairs in the European world. Whatever may have been the cause, whether ungracefulness of manner, or insufficiency of matter, certain it is, that the Congress would not then hear Deane a third time, though entreated by every mode of application. On this subject, and on this occasion, he appealed to the free and virtuous citizens of America§, on the 5th of December, 1778; professing great respect for the Congress, but disclosing to the country, that a sacrifice had been made of patriotism to cabal of family. The many, who saw two brothers of the Virginia Lees in the Congress, and another brother ambassador at Vienna, and a fourth brother envoy at Berlin, feared for popular rights from aristocratical prevalence. The few regretted, that affected patriots were at all times, and in every place, the same. Richard Henry Lee, the most eloquent and the most leading member of the Congress, addressed his countrymen to suspend their decision against his family, till the charges should be properly investigated. And Deane declared, in December 1778, that since the Congress were at length disposed to listen to his complaints, he had now no occasion for the mediation of the people¶.

* Alm. Rem. 1777, p. 16. Pain published his third *Crisis* on the 13th of April. [ib. 313.] His fourth *Crisis* on the 12th of September. [ib. 437.]

† Pain's Letter to Raynal, p. 29.

‡ Alm. Rememb. 1778-9, p. 319.

§ During the winter, 1777, and the spring following, the congress was assembled at York Town, in Pennsylvania. [Pain's Letter to Raynal, p. 26.] The congress returned to Philadelphia on its evacuation in June, 1778.

§ This paper of Silas Deane contains much interesting anecdote, which makes it not unworthy of the historian's notice. [Alm. Rem. 1778-9, p. 185.]

¶ See Alm. Rem. 1788-9, p. 185-190.

Of those events, and of that altercation, which thus interested the American world, our author was no unconcerned spectator. He published his fifth *Crisis* on the 10th of June 1778*; his sixth *Crisis* in October, and his seventh in November thereafter†. At the same moment that Deane laid down the pen, our author took his in hand. Without consulting his prudence, he attacked Deane, who, as a scholar, was superior to himself, as a statesman, had held higher offices; as an individual, was at least his equal. Without listening to Common Sense, he involved Robert Morris, the famous financier of the United States, who *stepped from the floor of office*, to correct his misrepresentations and repress his insolence‡. Without considering official decorum, our secretary retailed through the Newspapers, what he confidentially knew from the foreign correspondence. The Sieur Gerard, who had been bred at the foot of Vergennes, was scandalized at an imprudent infidelity, which disclosed the intrigues of his court. Of this misconduct the minister of France complained to the Congress§. On the sixth of January 1779, being ordered to attend the Congress, our author was asked by Jay, the president, *If he were the author of the publications on Mr. Deane's affairs*; and answering *Yes*, he was ordered to withdraw. On the subsequent day he applied to Congress for an explanatory hearing; but on motion he was refused; the Congress, no doubt, considering, that the public officer, who had thus acknowledged his breach of trust, could not by any explanation, re-establish his official credit. Our author was thus forced to give in his resignation of *the office of Secretary to the Committee for Foreign Affairs*, on the 8th of January, 1779. Yet, strange to tell, on the 16th of the same month, a motion was made in Congress, for dismissing him from the office that he no longer held: And, though there were fourteen members for it, to thirteen against it, the motion was lost; there being a tie upon the States, who alone could vote, of five to five||. On this event, our ousted Secretary made a political discovery to the American Citizens, which they knew not before, *That the sovereignty of the United States, and the delegated representation of that sovereignty in Congress, were two distinct things; which ought to be kept separate; and which proves, that the first may be rising, while the second is sinking.*

Our author, however, did not repose in insignificance, when he ceased to be the secretary of a committee. He continued to bustle awhile; to boast of his services; and to complain of ingratitude. The Sieur Gerard thought him important, or perhaps imagined, that he whose infidelity had disclosed many secrets, might, by resentment, be induced to reveal still more. From Vergennes, the Plenipo had learned, that a point is to be carried by any means; by the fairest, if possible; by the foulest, if necessary. While Gerard complained to the Congress publicly, he intrigued with our author privately. They had several meetings, the object of which was *Silence about Deane*. Gerard made him *a genteel and profitable offer*. But our author was pledged to prosecute Deane; and he was determined, that *pension and Pain* should never be seen together in the same paragraph. Gerard renewed his intrigues with Pain: Pain conformed with Gerard: Gerard wished for opportunities of shewing Pain more *solid marks of his friendship*. Pain professed, that Gerard's *esteem* should be the only recompence. Thus, a pension was offered, which was only declined; and a bribe was given, though it was not accepted‡. The

* Alm. Rem. 1788, p. 340 † Ib. 1779, p. 304.—1780, p. 317. ‡ Ib. 1778-9, p. 332.

§ See Alm. Rem. 1778-9, from p. 374 to 391.—Ibid. 1780, p. 290—297.

|| See those memorable incidents in our author's life told by himself, in the *Pennsylvania Packet* of the 13th of April, 1779.

‡ See those intrigues detailed by Pain himself, with little prudence and no forecast, in Alm. Rem. 1780, Part I. p. 294—97. The following *public papers* will supply what is defective in Pain's detail:

American world soon grew tired of pertness and recrimination, when it appeared, that against Deane nothing could be proved.

Our author's head, being thus shorn, of its political honours, was ere long crowned with academic laurels. He was made *master of arts* by the university of Pennsylvania, after the tumult of the times had *driven* his old antagonist, *the president*, away. He was chosen a member of the American philosophical society, when it was revived by the Pennsylvania legislature, in 1780; and when our author had himself the satisfaction of signing the act of revival, as clerk of the general assembly. He had the comfort of knowing, that though he had made enemies by his petulance, he had gained friends by his patriotism. And when the Congress had rejected him, as unworthy of trust, the assembly of Pennsylvania, being purged of Quakers by his pen, thought him fit for its clerk.

But though the Congress had wholly rejected our author, he did not totally reject the Congress: yet, all that he could write, or others could do, did not prevent the bankruptcy of Congress, in March, 1780, when the Congress paper ceased to circulate. He gave the American citizens, soon after, *A Crisis Extraordinary* *. He now recalled to their remembrance the original principles on which they had resisted: he endeavoured to convince them of their direct advantage in defending the country: he compared the resources of the contending parties; leaving the balance,

"SIR,

Philadelphia, Jan. 13, 1779.

"It is with real satisfaction, that I execute the order of Congress for transmitting to you the inclosed copy of an act of the 12th instant, on a subject rendered important by affecting the dignity of Congress, the honour of their great ally, and the interest of both nations.

"The explicit disavowal and high disapprobation of Congress, relative to the publications referred to in this act, will, I flatter myself, be no less satisfactory to his most christian majesty, than pleasing to the people of these states. Nor have I the least doubt but that every attempt to injure the reputation of either, or impair their mutual confidence, will meet with the indignation and resentment of both. I have the honour, &c.

"To the Hon. the Sieur Gerard, Min. Plenip. of France.

"JOHN JAY."

In Congress, January 12, 1779. "Congress resumed the consideration of the publications in the Pennsylvania Packet of 2^d and 5th instant, under the title of *Common Sense* to the Public, on Mr. Deane's affair, of which Mr. Thomas Pain, Secretary to the Committee for foreign affairs, has acknowledged himself to be the author; and also the memorials of the Minister Plenipotentiary of France of the 5th and 10th instant, respecting the said publications; whereupon, Resolved unanimously, That in answer to the memorials of the Hon. Sieur Gerard, Minister Plenipotentiary of his Most Christian Majesty, of the 5th and 10th instant, the President be directed to assure the said Minister, that Congress do fully, and in the clearest and most explicit manner, disavow the publications referred to in the said memorials; and as they are convinced by indisputable evidence, that the supplies shipped in the Amphitrite, Seine, and Mercury, were not a present, and that his Most Christian Majesty, the great and generous ally of these United States, did not preface his alliance with any supplies whatever sent to America, so they have not authorised the writer of the said publications to make any such assertions as are contained therein; but on the contrary, do highly disapprove of the same."

To which Mr. Gerard returned the following answer:

"SIR,

Philadelphia, Jan. 14, 1779.

"I have received the letter with which you honoured me on the 13th instant, inclosing me the Resolve of Congress in answer to the representations I had the honour to make them on the 5th and 10th.

"I intreat you to receive and to express to Congress, the great sensibility with which I felt their frank, noble, and categorical manner of destroying those *false* and *dangerous* insinuations, which might mislead ignorant people, and put arms into the hands of the common enemy.

"To the King, my Master, Sir, no proofs are necessary to the foundation of a confidence in the firm and constant adherence of Congress to the principles of the alliance; but his Majesty will always behold with pleasure the measures which Congress may take to preserve inviolate its reputation; and it is from the same consideration, I flatter myself, he will find my representations on the 7th of December equally worth his consideration.

"I am, &c.

"GERARD."

"Published by order of Congress

CHARLES THOMSON, Sec."

* Alm. Rem. 1781, part 1. pag. 131.

by an easy calculation, in favour of his friends: and he laid before them a glowing picture, containing every motive, which could cheer the hearts, or engage the honour of a patriot people; which could make them feel *the line of their interest to be the line of their happiness.*

But their ears were callous to the voice of the charmer. The pen had, however, ceased to influence, during the clamour of contention, the intrigues of cabal, and the distresses of war. While the American citizens denied supplies to the cries of Congress, they suddenly determined, to suffer the miseries of hostility, till the acknowledgment of independence should make them happy. Our author cheered them from time to time with another *Crisis*, till his *Crisis*, becoming common, was no longer a *Crisis*; and was therefore read without attention, and thrown away without efficacy *. Hostilities seemed to cease of themselves in 1782, when mere weariness of paying alternately for victory and defeat, prompted the belligerent powers to ask each other, *Why are we at war?*

The Abbé Raynal hastened to give his history of the *Revolution of America* even before it was really achieved †. Of the crudities, which the sedentary Abbé had been collecting for years, he now made a copious discharge. A bilious mixture, he exhibited, of truth and falsehood, of sense and nonsense, of folly and philosophy. This *galimafrée*, the academy of Lions received with applause. The English world were too busy with their contests, their taxes, and repentance, to listen, without apathy, to a tale more worthy of attention. The American citizens heard the Abbé with disgust rather than with disapprobation. But it was his facts more than his falsities, his independence more than his servility, which gave them offence: he had asserted ‡, that *none of the energetic causes, which had produced so many revolutions, existed among them*; neither religion nor laws had been outraged; the blood of no martyr or patriot had streamed from their scaffolds. He does not praise them as men, who fought like heroes, after they had drawn their swords without real provocation §. And above all, he had on false pretences obtained our author's *metaphysics*, and sold them as his own; thus borrowing our author's *moral* with his *maxims*.

In August, 1782, our author reclaimed his property, by a *letter to the Abbé Raynal on the Affairs of North America* ||. As the plagiarism of the Abbé was obvious, it was easy to convict him; but where he had entrenched himself in facts, it was more difficult to dislodge him. A battle of words was carried on through many pages, which, like other contests of the metaphysicians, had sooner forced conviction, or had been continued without logomachy, if the disputants had only explained their own terms. The Abbé meant to say, that, in fact, the blood of no martyr had been shed; no patriot had hung on the scaffold; no American citizen had been dragged to a dungeon; all which had been the energetic causes of revolutions in the European world. Against the fact, our author quoted *the declaratory act*, which left the colonies *no rights* at all: by it, the blood of martyrs was shed *virtually*; patriots were hanged *virtu-*

* Pennsylv. Gazette, 22d May, 1782. Alm. Rem. 1782, page 183.

† It was published at London, in December, 1781.

‡ Page 126.

§ Page 103.

|| This publication gave our author's old antagonist, *the president*, an opportunity of sneering at his *illiterature*. Here is a letter written to an Abbé, said he, who is treated in it throughout as a third person. "The greater part of the Abbé's writings *appear to me* UNCENTRAL." [P. 51.] Appear to me to be *eccentric*, the author probably intended. "It is a *useful* addition." [P. 12.] As if he *was* [were] glad to get from them. [P. 12.] "It is one of *those* kind of dominions." [P. 70.] *The president* might have quoted many such *picaresques* from our author's writings; but it ought to be always remembered, that our author is but a mere *English scholar*; and few *English scholars* can write the *English language*. ally;

ally; citizens were dragged to dungeons *virtually*. *There is no despotism to which this iniquitous law did not extend*, contended our author furiously*. Yet the Abbé could not be persuaded, that *this almost metaphysical question was of sufficient importance to make the people rise*†. Alas! is it not always *almost metaphysical questions*, which have agitated mankind, and even now agitate the world! Our own historian of the last century, has treated this subject finely; because his representations are just, and his language is terse:

“ When men fell out they knew not why;
 “ When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
 “ Set folks together by the ears;
 “ And made them fight, like mad, or drunk,
 “ For dame religion, as for punk;
 “ Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
 “ Though not a man of them knew wherefore.”

Our author turned awhile from the Abbé to teach America and Europe the nature of *paper money*. In five years, the Congress issued about twelve millions sterling, in dollars of pasteboard. This emission of paper, was a corner-stone of independence. It was the Congress mode of finance, which, while it prevailed, saved twelve millions of taxes for carrying on the war; and consequently, the event to the people was exactly the same, whether they sunk twelve millions of money, by the depreciation of paper, or paid twelve millions by taxation. As early as March, 1780, common consent consigned it to rest, with that kind of regard, which the long services of inanimate beings insensibly obtain from mankind‡. Our author's address is admirable, in mentioning every circumstance of commendation, while he suppressed every kind of objection. He concealed, that the Congress made their pasteboards a legal payment of every debt, though they were of no more value than *the almanacks of the last year*. The fraudulent were thus enabled to pay the honest their just debts with waste paper. The rich were thereby defrauded, but the poor were not enriched. All property and all labour were depreciated by the same stroke of fraud. A transaction, which so violently shook the interest and happiness of a country, has seldom occurred before. The Abbé was so simple as to consider this discredited paper as an essential part of the Congress debt. Not so our author: with a charming apathy he asserted, in 1782, *with us its fate is now determined*. This is a fine illustration of the maxims and practice of the metaphysical reformers, who care not, when in pursuit of their theories, whose heart they rend, whose property they waste, whose safety they endanger.

Our author was more happy, though not more grammatical, in shewing, that the Abbé, as an historian, hastens through his narrations as *if he was glad to get from them*§. It must be allowed to be true, as our author asserted||, that it is yet too soon to write the history of the Revolution; and whoever attempts it precipitately will unavoidably mistake characters and circumstances, and involve himself in error and difficulty: yet is it never too soon to inculcate on nations the performance of contracts, or on individuals the practice of honesty, because both form the strongest cement of society.

Our author had scarcely dispatched his letter to Abbé Raynal, when he wrote an epistle to the earl of Shelburne¶. The noble Earl had said in Parliament, it seems, in a tone which still vibrates in the ears of Englishmen, *that when Great Britain shall acknowledge American independence, the sun of Britain's glory is set for ever*. Some other orator had also said,

* Letter, p. 5.

† Revolution, p. 127.

‡ Letter to Raynal, p. 22-23.

§ Letter, p. 12.

|| Letter, p. 2.

¶ A letter to the Earl of Shelburne, which was published at Philadelphia, the 29th of October, 1782, on his speech of the tenth of July, 1782.

in some other house, *What is the relinquishment of America but to desire a giant to shrink spontaneously into a dwarf?* Our author reasons and laughs, and laughs and reasons with our Parliamentary Prophets, through a little pamphlet of eight and twenty pages. It required not his ridicule to make folly ridiculous, his acuteness to detect sophistry, or his ability to overturn weakness. We have outlived the time; yet many a parliamentary prophecy is still unfulfilled. Great-Britain continues to walk with *a giant's* port among the powers of the earth, even without the help of the Earl's energy.

Our author published his *last Crisis* on the 19th of April, 1783, the same day that a cessation of hostilities was proclaimed. This Essay was soon printed as a pamphlet, entitled *Pain's Thoughts on the Peace*. In eighteen pages, he concluded his valedictory oration in the following sentence: *Now, Gentlemen, you are independent; sit down, and be happy.* But, happiness is not always in our own power. Without food, and raiment, and shelter, what man, except Diogenes, ever was happy? When their rejoicings were over, the American citizens were all surprized, that they were not happy. Amidst distrust, and penury, and pride, and indolence, what happiness, alas! could they enjoy? They were all disappointed in their hopes; they were all exhausted in their fortunes; they were all suspicious in their tempers; they were all uneasy in their families; but, they were independent. In all this *awailing and gnashing of teeth*, our author—

“ Found nothing left but poverty and praise.

The American Revolution is a happy instance of what may be done by metaphysical reformers, who run furiously forward, in pursuit of their theories, without *regarding the end*. In order to obtain independence, every principle, which ought to actuate the human heart, was weakened; all the maxims, which knit society together, were impugned; and government, which is the efficacious energy of political unions, was contemned as *an evil*. But, independence was obtained. Subordination however ceased; justice fled from the land; freedom, and property, and life, were no longer safe; the association among the States dissolved in its own insufficiency; and the Congress continued to exist indeed, but disgraced by its impotence, and unavailing in its efforts. Mean time, *Shey's* rebellion raged for years in New England, the most vigorous of the American Republics. Civil discord distracted New York. Insurrection disturbed the quiet of Philadelphia, which had once been the happy seat of concord and diligence; from which our author retired to Bordenton, in New Jersey, for shelter. The Southern States were all shaken, by similar disorders, owing to similar causes. The American Union was little respected in Europe. The American Citizens were distrusted naturally by foreigners, when they distrusted one another. They were considered as a people, who were doomed to distraction; to suffer the miseries of anarchy, till they should acknowledge by their conduct, that they rejected metaphysical theories, and regarded just government as the greatest good.

Whether our author smiled at the mischief, which his pen had done, or lamented that his prescriptions had not produced happiness, it is impossible to tell. He seems to have been silent, because, during the uproar of anarchy, even *Common Sense* could not be heard. He certainly suffered all the miseries of dependent penury. He busied himself for several years, in soliciting the American Assemblies to grant him some reward, for having contributed by his labours to make the American Citizens independent, and miserable. New York conferred on him forfeited lands at New Rochelle, which, as they were neither tenanted nor cultivated, brought him no annual income. Pennsylvania gave him five hundred

hundred pounds; which, at six per cent. may be considered as a pension of thirty pounds a year, current money, or eighteen pounds sterling; and thus were united, what he had anxiously wished to avoid, *pension* and *Pain* in the same paragraph*. Whether any other of the States, or the Congress, relieved our author's needs, we have never heard. They were all poor, and unable to help themselves, distracted as they were by their maxims, and enfeebled in their powers. As his principles and his pen were no longer of much use to the United States, our author departed for France, in Autumn of 1786; leaving the American Citizens to build up, as they could, the several fabricks, which he had contributed so powerfully to overturn. They all experienced, after his departure, that it is more easy to break windows than to mend them.

What writers on government suppose to have happened in the darkest periods, when men existed as savages, actually occurred, in America, during September 1787. Three millions of people, who were urged by their miseries, assembled at Philadelphia, not indeed in person, but by delegates, to consider their present calamities, and provide for their future happiness. When these deputies met in *Convention*, with Washington at their head, they did not begin their deliberations, by reading our author's *Common Sense*. All had seen the people's sufferings. Like the metaphysical statesmen of the old world, they did not deny the evidence of their own senses. But, considering the general misery as a *fact*, they proceeded to investigate the cause of that *fact*, which could not be disputed. By running furiously in quest of private liberty and of public independence the people, said they, have involved themselves in anarchy, and the States in imbecility. WE consider then, said the Convention and Washington, self-legislation, or anarchy, as the efficient cause of all our ills. WE must remove *the cause* before we attempt to free the people from *its effects*. WE must put *restraints* upon *self-legislation*, upon *self-actions*, upon *self-redress*. WE must sacrifice the principles, the passions, the prejudices, of *one*, to the safety of *millions*. WE must *restrain* the *liberty* of *each*, in order that the *whole* may be *free*. WE must, in this manner, establish *restraint* as the fundamental principle of *the Society*, into which we are about to enter. WE must lay *restraint* as the *corner-stone* of our *new Constitution*.

In that numerous convention, there were men of republican principles, who, with our author's *Common Sense* in their hands, and their own importance in their heads, spoke a very different language. With our last breath, said they, WE will retain *self-legislation*, that inherent right of man to *will* for himself; because, where there is no *self-will*, there can be no *liberty*. WE would as soon relinquish life itself, as part with *self-action*; because what are freemen, if they cannot *do as they please*? WE will never agree to be restrained, they exclaimed, because *restraint* is the *death* of *liberty*.

In reply to these declamations, the Convention and Washington argued very patiently. Remember, WE pray you, the people's miseries, and

* In the Maryland Journal, dated the 31st of December, 1784, there is the following article: "On the 6th instant, his Excellency John Dickenson, President of the State of Pennsylvania, sent a message to the Assembly respecting Mr. Thomas Pain, the author of *Common Sense* and other political pieces; strongly recommending to their notice his services and situation; and concluding in the subsequent words:—We confide that you will then feel that the attention of Pennsylvania is drawn towards Mr. Pain, by motives equally grateful to the human heart, and reputable to the republic; and that you will join with us in opinion, that a suitable acknowledgment of his eminent services, and a proper provision for the continuance of them in an independent manner, should be made on the part of this State."

the people's cries ; you have seen, that it is *self-legislation*, or the power of willing as each thinks proper, which is the real cause of all their sufferings : *self-action*, or the *practice* of doing what each thinks fit, is the genuine effect of that efficient cause : have you not felt how the young abuse the old ; how the strong overpower the weak ; how the wicked oppress the virtuous : can you enjoy your own liberty where such abuses exist, and where all legislate and none obey ? If you wish to be safe, you must relinquish this *savageness* for *society* : now, what is society, but a compact, either expressed, or understood, that private will shall submit to public will ; that individual action shall be subordinate to general direction ; that no *one* shall *will* or *do* any action, which is inconsistent with the rules and agency of the many : and what is this subordination and this obedience but restraint, that must necessarily be the foundation of society, which has been variously modified in different climes, as men were urged by their various sufferings.

The few in this convention were, in this manner, obliged to submit to the wills, and what is of more importance, to the reasons of the many. And the convention and Washington proceeded to form their compact, which is the record of their union ; to establish their constitution, which is the detail of its end ; and to settle their government, which is the means of effectuating *the end of their union*. Upon these reasonings they acted, though they were not unanimous. And finding it impracticable to secure, either to individuals or communities, dependence and independence, subordination and sovereignty, they modified their system, so as best to provide for the interest and safety of all *. History will record it as an indubitable proof of their wisdom, that they built as much as possible upon old foundations ; preserving their old common law, their old acts of assembly, their old modes of public proceeding. It deducts, indeed, something from this commendation, that the metaphysical reformers, with our author as their instructor, are more active to pull down than to build ; are more studious to recommend new theories than to act on old experience.

Those who have surveyed the regions of the earth must have everywhere seen societies of some kind, whose forms would no doubt be modified, by their ignorance, into greater simplicity, or by their civilization, into more numerous checks. The Convention and Washington maturely considered all those varieties ; and that great jurist, Mr. John Adams, had inspected every book, in every language, that he might lay before them the beauties and defects of the different governments, which had resulted from ancient wisdom and modern experience. After this inquiry, and those considerations, the united wisdom of the new world adopted, as far as circumstances would allow, the British constitution, though our author's *Common Sense* had declared it *to be a farce*. The American constitution, which was then established, provided powers legislative, executive, and judicial. The legislative, which, as the sovereign, has the power of prescribing rules of action for all, consists of the House of Representatives, or Commons ; of a Senate, or Peers ; of the President, or King ; who have each a vote in the making of laws. The executive power is vested in the president, with monarchical authority, who is entrusted with the whole energy of government. The judicial power is thrown into separate departments, which distribute justice in the various districts that a wide country, and a scattered people, require. Now, this is the British constitution, though it be less efficient, because the materials were less perfect ; and though it be more complex, because circumstances required additional checks.

* See Washington's Letter before-mentioned.

In this manner, and upon those principles, was settled the present American government, which has answered in practice beyond expectation. It is of importance to investigate the causes of that establishment and of that efficiency. Our author, who had inculcated by his *Common Sense**, that no power, which needs checking, can be from God, was now fortunately absent. Sad distress had induced the people to plain truth; they had no longer a disposition to believe our author's doctrine, that *the best government is a necessary evil*; and recent experience had fully convinced them that there can be no security for property, freedom, and life, unless restraint be imposed by the laws, and government be obeyed, as the energy from which social happiness can alone be enjoyed.

Meantime, our author safely arrived in Paris, the beginning of 1787. He carried with him his fame as a writer, and the model of a bridge, which shewed that he had a genius, equally formed for mechanics, as for politics. The French academy viewed his model, and thanked him for the sight; but whether he gave the people of France, *who were then beginning to think for themselves*, a lesson or two of political happiness, we have never heard. Were we allowed to argue from experience, it might be easily proved, that since the epoch of his visit, the French have proceeded regularly,

“ In falling out with that, or this,

“ And finding somewhat still amiss.”

Our author, like other animals who delight in savage life, longed to return to his old haunts. And he arrived at the White Bear, Piccadilly, on the 3d of September, 1787, just thirteen years after his departure for Philadelphia. Neither the length of time, nor the change of circumstances, prevented his former acquaintances from recognizing the specific staymaker, the individual grocer, the same exciseman; but as he had taken French leave, he met some *old friends with new faces*. In London, he did not remain long. Before the end of September he hastened to Thetford, where he found his mother, who was now advanced to the age of ninety, but oppressed by penury. At the æra of rejoicing for independence, this dutiful son had remitted his necessitous parents twenty pounds, in payment, no doubt, of the money, which had been lent him on bond †, before his emigration. He now talked of allowing his mother nine shillings a week, to be paid by Whiteside, an American merchant, in London. But owing to the confusion in that trader's affairs, or to some other cause, this allowance was soon stopt. At Thetford, he seldom saw the *companions of his youth*; he went little out, being wholly occupied in reading, and in writing. He who has once been employed in great affairs cannot easily condescend to converse with puny men, or look, with gratification, on little matters.

When our author had finished his reading and his writing at Thetford, he returned to London: and before the end of the year 1787, he published his *Prospects on the Rubicon*; or, *an Investigation into the Causes and Consequences of the Politics to be agitated at the Meeting of Parliament*‡.

* Page 8.

† See his mother's letter before, p. 12.

‡ The critics ascertained the authorship by collation of the style. Thus, in page 59 of his *Prospects*, it is said, “ there is a uniformity in all the works of nature.”—But there “ is another circumstance that do not fail to impress foreigners,” page 63.—“ Where is the profit of manufactures, if there is [be] no encrease of money,” page 39.—“ But it signifies not what name it bears, if the capital is [be] not equal to the redemption,” p. 35.—The amazing encrease and magnitude of the paper currency now floating in England, exposes her to a shock as much more tremendous than the shock of the South Sea Funds, as the quantity of credit and paper currency is now greater than they were at that time,” p. 24.—“ But though Democritus [Democritus] could scarcely have forebore [forborn] laughing [laughter] at the folly,” p. 2.

This is an octavo tract of sixty-eight pages, which treats of *the state of the nation*. The affairs of Holland, which were then unsettled, are now a subject for history, whose pen will do justice to the conductors of a great transaction to a happy end. Beside temporary matters, our author gave his opinion of money, credit, and banking, of agriculture and manufacture, of commerce and shipping: but, by remaining too long in America, he had allowed Dr. Adam Smith to occupy his ground, to forestal his thoughts, and to teach the people not to be terrified by any pensioned pamphleteer. Our author's *prospects* soon faded from the public eye. And the news-papers had the *impertinence* to tell him, that he who had lately shewn America the road to independence, and now endeavoured to exalt France over England, was a fit subject for transportation to the one, or a proper object *à la lanterne* of the other.

During the year 1788, our author was chiefly occupied in building his bridge. For this end he made a journey to Rotheram, in Yorkshire, in order to superintend the casting of the iron, by that ingenious man and respectable citizen Mr. Walker. While thus occupied at Rotheram, our author's French freedom is said not to have much pleased the English ladies. Their displeasure did not, however, prevent the operations of the furnace; and the bridge was at length erected, in a close at Leasing-Green; being an arch constructed of iron, one hundred and ten feet in the span, five feet from the spring, and twenty-two feet in breadth. It was erected chiefly at the charge of Mr. Walker; but the project had cost our author a large sum, which was mostly furnished by Mr. Whiteside, the American merchant, who soon discovered, that *advances* without *returns* leave the trader, ere long, without money or credit. Our author's bridge is to this day shewn at the Yorkshire-Stingo, for a shilling. As this was not the first iron bridge, which was known to the English world, it is not easy to discover, why the projector, who had a model, should incur so great an expence merely to make a show.

It is, however, happy for mankind, that imprudence and folly seldom escape punishment. Whiteside, by trusting much money in bad hands, soon became a bankrupt. The assignees, seeing so great a sum as six hundred and twenty pounds charged against our author, caused him to be arrested on the 29th of October, 1789, at the White Bear, in Piccadilly. He was carried to that commodious spunging house, which is kept by good Mr. Armstrong, in Cary-street. Here he lay, for three weeks, *in durance vile*. Those benevolent persons, Benjamin Vaughan, Mr. Hoare the quaker, and William Vaughan, all interested themselves in his fate. They asked the assignees, if they knew that they confined the *great writer of Common Sense*. Our concern, said the creditors, is not with the dignity, but the identity of the debtor: Will you be his security, to obtain his freedom? Upon the departure of his visitors, without obtaining his liberty, our author is said to have hummed—

—————“ They promise to pity;
But shift you for money from friend to friend.”

He now applied to Messrs. Clegget and Murdock, two American traders of great respectability; pleading his services to them as Americans, in giving them independence. Without considering themselves as much obliged to him for confining rather than enlarging their trade, they became his bail. And our author, paying four hundred and sixty pounds, which he had at length received from America, and giving his own note for one hundred and sixty more, was set free, in November, 1789, to pursue his projects, and to scribble pamphlets.

While thus restrained in Cary-street, by a power which he had never authorized, our adventurer was not inattentive to French affairs. In France

he had beheld the fair blossoms of liberty in the genial Spring; he had seen the vigorous shoots of Summer's invigoration; and he now hastened to that happy land, in order to partake in the autumnal maturity of the fairest fruit, that metaphysicians had ever cultivated in the fields of theory. While thus gratified, by enjoying the harvest of his own labours, he had the additional pleasure of perusing Dr. Price's celebrated sermon, which had been frowned from England, into France. But, while he saw the people of France *thinking* and *acting* for themselves, he heard with astonishment, no doubt, *that the people of England were about to resign the prerogative of thinking**.

In this *Crisis*, our author recrossed the channel, in order to protest against this *vassalage idea*†, and to avert that *submission of themselves and their posterity, like bond-men and bond-women, for ever*†. He was encountered, as he ran to London, by Mr. Burke's pamphlet, which was published a few days before the sad celebration of the French Revolution, on the 5th of November, 1790. He may have heard indeed, what doubtless quickened his steps, that such a work was in the press, and though long delayed, was at length to appear. Never was the public expectation more amply gratified. Such vigour from sixty-three the world had seldom seen. Thousands and tens of thousands of Mr. Burke's pamphlet were sold, without the recommendation of the Constitutional Society. But, it was not the wisdom of his policy, or the zeal of his patriotism, the learning of his illustrations, or the bursts of his eloquence, which captivated the *English* nation. No: The universal applause of the English people, was an indubitable proof of their genuine sentiments: It was a declaration of their affection for the king; of their attachment to the constitution; of their veneration for the laws; of gratitude to their fathers, who had transmitted the system, which ensures to them their present happiness. To Mr. Burke's pamphlet, every week produced a new answer. But, as his antagonists fought him on his own ground of law, their aims were feebly directed, and their attacks were easily repulsed. The metaphysical statesmen cried out for a new assault, upon a fresh field, by dissimilar weapons, according to the approved tactics of wordy warfare.

In this manner was our author induced to furbish up his old weapons of *Common Sense*, to fashion *his Crisis*, ordinary and extraordinary, into a new cuirass, to review *his prospects*, that he might take the *vantage ground* to

“Decide all controversies by

“Infallible artillery.”

A few months labour produced the far-famed pamphlet, ycleped *Rights of Man*. It was submitted to the revial of Mr. Brand Hollis, and a committee of *Democrats*. It was fitted by them for the press, after some struggles, between the desires of the author, and the wishes of his patrons. It was printed, in February 1791, for that worthy citizen, Mr. J. Johnson, in St. Paul's Church-yard; but his regard for *the shop* induced him to decline the selling of prohibited goods, though he occasionally dealt in Dr. Priestley's wares. This unexpected refusal caused a month's delay. A few copies were, however, smuggled into private hands. Impatience was now apparent on every face. The desire of gratification became, as usual, more ardent, in proportion, as the object was denied. The men-midwives determined to deprive the child of its virility, rather than so hopeful an infant should be with-held from the world. At length, on the 13th of March, 1791, this mutilated brat was delivered to the public, by Mr. J. S. Jordan, at N° 166, Fleet-street.

* Prospects on the Rubicon, p. 29.

† Rights of Man, p. 82.

† Id.
To

To the parent this was a moment of peculiar anxiety. Beside his cares for his child, he feared that the messengers of the press might be even then prowling for their prey. He found shelter and concealment in the hospitable house of the said Mr. Hollis; and in order to carry the hounds from their scent, the agent of a foreign power, ran about whispering in every ear, *that he had last night given Mr. Pain a pass for Paris*; though every Englishman, to whom this tale was told, did not hear with the same patience, that foreign agents should trouble themselves with English affairs. It is hardened guilt only which is never fearful. While concealment was thus studiously consulted, the messengers of the press did not trouble themselves about Mr. Pain or his pamphlet.

Such was the agency by which this production was brought to the notice of the English nation. There were numbers, no doubt, who praised it; because they wished that its tenets were triumphant. There are some who, in every country, rejoice to see real learning defied by gross illiterature. And the Constitutional Society, whose business it is to spread constitutional information, strenuously recommended this constitutional tract to the perusal of the people. But it was still to encounter the critics. This is a race of men, whose hearts are generally contracted by years; whose judgments, being matured by experience, are not often captivated by novelty; and whose pens are sometimes dipped in gall, by an excessive impartiality.

After a decorous procrastination, the critics reviewed our author's performance. They divided their strictures into two heads; the manner, and the matter. With regard to *the first*, they observed, that as the language immediately offers itself to the reader's eye, and must ultimately inform the reader's understanding; so the language is an essential object of the critic's animadversion. Of style, *perspicuity* is the principal quality, without which, all other qualities are useless; but without *grammatical purity*, that great essential of language cannot be obtained. Like fair critics, they gave examples, as the best proofs of their precepts; and they arranged their observations, and stated their quotations, under distinct classes, in the following order:

THE BAD GRAMMAR OF A CHILD.

In page 15, Mr. Pain says, "There *is* [are] some proposals for a declaration of rights."—In p. 34, "There *are* [is] in all countries, a large class of people of that description, which, in England, *are* [is] called the mob."—In p. 35, "A vast *mass* of mankind *are* [is] degradedly thrown into the back ground."—In p. 45, "Because there *have* [has] been an *upstart* of governments, thrusting themselves between."—In p. 66, "The *folly* of titles *have* [has] fallen."—In p. 81, "The parliamentary language is free, and *extend* [extends] to all the parts."—In p. 82, "This *vassalage* idea and style of speaking *was* [were] not got rid of at the revolution."—In p. 92, "As money matters *was* [were] the object."—In p. 100, "When their worth and consequence *is* [are] considered."—In p. 104, "There *was* [were] a visible imbecillity and want of intellects in the majority."—In p. 116, "*Does* not [do] its own inhabitants say, it is a market."—But of such examples enow, though other instances, which are equally level to a child's capacity, might be added.

THE BAD GRAMMAR OF A MAN.

In page 5, Mr. Pain says, "*Why* Mr. Burke should commence an unprovoked attack *is* a conduct that *cannot* be pardoned, on the score of manners, *nor* [or] justified on that of policy." Thus, the *why* must be the nominative of the verb *is*; and *cannot* and *nor* are two negatives in the same sentence. In p. 6, "But such is the ingenuity of his hope, or
the

the malignity of his despair, that *it* [they] furnishes him with new pretences." In p. 56, "Have *fit*" for *sat* or *sitten*. In p. 71, "The greatest characters have *rose*," for *risen*. In p. 72, "Whether the archbishop *precedes*," [precede]. In p. 75, "If he believes," [believe]. In p. 81, "If any matter *comes*," [come]. These and many other examples, which might be quoted, evince, said the critics, that Mr. Pain has no notion of the subjunctive mood. In p. 79, "There are frequently appearing in the London Gazette, extracts from certain *acts* to prevent machines, and as far as *it* [they] can extend to persons." In p. 79, "The representatives of the nation, *which* [who] compose the national assembly, and *who* [which] are the legislative power, originate in the people by election, as an inherent right." This terrible sentence had ended better thus: "The representatives originate in the people, *who have an inherent right to choose representatives*." In p. 115, "What are the present governments of Europe, but a *scene* [scenes] of iniquity." In p. 116, "Since the taking [of] the Bastille." But of such quotations from Mr. Pain's pamphlet there would be no end!

Under the head of *grammatical purity*, the critics proceeded to remark, that pure English necessarily requires, that the words be English; that their construction be in the English idiom; that the words be employed to express the precise meaning, which custom has affixed to them. The fault of using words, which are not English, has been called by grammarians

B A R B A R I S M.

Thus Mr. Pain uses the following words which are not English: in p. 67, *Punyism*; in p. 74, *Intolleration*; in p. 77, *Anti-political*; in p. 35, *Degradedly*; in p. 80, *Designates*; in p. 81, *Right angled*; in p. 85, *Priorily*; in p. 96, *Disrespected*; in p. 104, *High-benificed*; in p. 110, *Imprescriptible*.

The second fault, which consists of not making use of the words in the English idiom, philologists have agreed to denominate

S O L E C I S M.

Mr. Pain, for example, has used, in page 66, "*Chivelry* character:" now, *chivelry* is not an adjective. In p. 67, "By engendering the church *with* the state, a sort of *mule* animal is produced." In p. 71, "He *degenerate* the human species." *Degenerate* is not an *active* verb. In p. 80, "Neither can he use it *consistent* [consistently] with the constitution." In p. 84, *both* is used to couple more plurals than two. In p. 85, "The nation shewed no disposition to *rise* [rouse] from its lethargy." In p. 95, "The crowd threw out *trite* expressions:" he perhaps meant *tart*. In p. 96, "The king, as if *unconsulted upon* with the cabinet." In p. 101, "They *situated* [placed] themselves in three chambers." In p. 109, "The conspiracy being thus *disperfed* [dissolved] or [the conspirators being disperfed.] *Solecisms* abound so much in Mr. Pain's pamphlet, that they may, indeed, be said to occur in every paragraph.

The third and last class of faults against purity of language, the critics arranged under the head of

I M P R O P R I E T Y.

In page 88, Mr. Pain remarks, "That *the* diplomatic character is the narrowest sphere of society that a man can act in:" thus, with his usual violence, he converts his *ambassador* into a *globe*. "And a *diplomatic*," [diplomatic] he adds, "is a sort of unconnected atom, continually repelling and repelled." We have no such *substantive* as *diplomatic*, which, as a foreigner, is hardly endured as an *adjective*. "But this," says Mr. Pain, page 88, "was not the case with Dr. Franklin. He was not *the* diplomatic of a court, but of *man*." He meant to have said, this philosopher

Iosopher was the *envoy* of mankind. But of *deplomatic* enough! In p. 89, Mr. Pain says historically, "That the then marquis de la Fayette was in close friendship with the civil government of America, as well as with the military line." Private friendship with a civil government; friendship with a line!! In p. 81, Mr. Pain remarks, "That the addressees of the English parliaments are not of foreign extraction, but originate from the Norman Conquest: they [the said addressees] are evidently of the *vassalage* class of * manners; and," he adds, "that this *vassalage* idea and stile of speaking *was* [were] not got rid of in 1688." "Submission," he proceeds †, "is wholly a *vassalage* term, repugnant to the dignity of freedom, and an *echo* of the language used at the conquest." Thus, *submission* is an *echo* of language!! "The graceful pride of truth preserves," he asserts ‡, "in every latitude of life the *right-angled* character of man." Such *rectangular improprieties* of language, ill-natured critics might detect in every passage; since they certainly stand in every paragraph of one hundred and sixty pages ||.

The critics closed their strictures, with regard to *the manner*, by recommending to Mr. Pain, with more good nature than generally relaxes the brow of criticism, to study the English language. With his abilities, and the aid of philology, they declared, he might soon qualify himself to write such *English*, as an Englishman would endure. They kindly advised him to begin with *Ash's Institutes*, to proceed to *Priestley's Rudiments*, to go on to *Lowth's Introduction*, and to end with his friend *Horne Tooke's Diversions of Purley*.

To this elaborate criticism there is a short answer. Let the quotations be allowed to be accurate †; and an unquestionable fact will furnish a proper reply: the manuscript of *Rights of Man* was revised and altered by Mr. Brand Hollis, and a committee of Democrats, as before-mentioned. Now, the Editors, who use the freedom to change the style of their author, are answerable for the consequences. It was unkind also in the Constitutional Society, formed, as it is, of Doctors of Law, Doctors of Divinity, and Doctors of Physic, to recommend the *castrated* edition of Jordan, before they had *tortured the style*.

The critics proceeded, *Secondly*, as they had proposed, from the language to the sentiment; from the *manner* to the *matter* of our author's great performance.

This is a disquisition, said they, with regard to RIGHTS OF MAN. By thus suppressing designedly the article *the*, he shews his intention to be, not to treat of the whole rights of mankind, but of particular rights. And, with great propriety he follows up his evident purpose, by enlarging chiefly on the *savage rights* of man, without regarding much their *social rights*.

When he dedicated his book to *George Washington*, he seemed however, said they, to depart somewhat from his previous design. He now wished, that *the* rights of man might become as universal as Washington's benevolence. They doubted the propriety of our author's sentiment; because *the* rights of man must be as universal as the residence of mankind.

The critics were thence led into a very learned inquiry as to *the cause* that NONSENSE so often escapes being detected both by the WRITER and the READER. They were at no loss to discover various causes of this phenomenon: namely, confusion of thought; affectation of excellence; want

* Page 82.

† Ibid.

‡ Page 81.

§ See p. 79, 84, 91, 104, 108-9, 120, 122, 125, 126, 127, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 136, 139, 140, 146, 147, 149, 150, 152, 154, 155, 156, 157, 159, 160, &c.

|| The critics appear to have used the genuine edition of Johnson.

of meaning; and considering, that our author's pamphlet had been affectingly praised and politically propagated, they seized so good an occasion to give illustrations of their salutary doctrine, by exhibiting various examples of our author's

N O N S E N S E.

In page 48 it is said, "That the duty of man is not a wilderness of turnpike gates, through which he is to pass by tickets *from* one to the "other." Here, said the critics, the author, in attempting to give a specimen of fine writing, wrote without meaning. In p. 51, "That "governments might avail themselves of every engine in their favour, "they united fraud to force, and set up an idol, which they called *Divine Right*; and which in imitation of the Pope, who affects to be "spiritual and temporal, and in contradiction to the founder of the "Christian religion, twisted itself afterwards into an idol of another "shape, called *Church and State*." Here is an instance of the unintelligible, from the length of the sentence. In page 66, Mr. Pain quotes it as a maxim, "*Titles* are but *nicknames*, and every nickname is a *title*;" and he states it as a *fact*, "That it is properly from the elevated mind of "France, that the folly of titles have [has] fallen." This writer is not more happy in his religious opinions; in p. 74, "Toleration is not the *opposite* of *intoleration*, but is the *counterfeit* of it. Both are despotisms; the former is church and state, and the latter is church and traffic." Mr. Pain was thence led on to speak, in page 80, of the *fountain of honour*: "In England a king is the fountain; but as this idea is evidently from the Conquest, I shall make no other remark upon it, than that it is the nature of conquest to turn every thing upside down; and as Mr. Burke will not be refused the privilege of speaking twice, and as there are but two parts in the figure, the *fountain* and the *spout*, he will be right the second time." After this *transparent* elucidation of the *fountain of honour*, he naturally tells, in p. 138, what a *parliament* is: "What is called the parliament, is made up of two houses; one of which is *more* hereditary, and *more* beyond the controul of the nation, than what the crown, (as it is called) is supposed to be." He goes *beyond* even this, in page 139: "The continual use of the word *constitution*, in the English parliament, shews there is none; and that the whole [of what] is merely a form of government, without a constitution." As an illustration of this mode of writing the sublime, the critics quoted the famous couplet of two illustrious poets:

"My wound is *great*, because it is so *small*;
"It would be *greater*, were it none at all!"

Mr. Pain thence descends to meaner matters, and gives in page 144, a *mathematical estimate* of the quantity of money: "Lisbon and Cadiz are the two ports into which (money) gold and silver from South America are imported, and which afterwards divides and spreads *itself* over Europe, by means of commerce, and increases the quantity of money in all parts of Europe." The critics at last exclaimed:

"How vast a head is here without a brain!"

But they had softened this severity of animadversion, had they at that time known, what is now known, that Mr. Brand Hollis and the committee of democrats corrected the manuscript, and that Jordan, the bookseller, castrated the copy*. Such freedoms are the more reprehensible,

* The castrating hand of Mr. Jordan appears in the title-page; he there makes Thomas Paine, a *secretary for foreign affairs* to Congress, instead of the *secretary to a committee of Congress* for foreign affairs. The clerk of the House of Commons, and the clerk of a committee of that House, are quite distinct officers.

able, as they leave the republic of letters to dispute *the identity* of the book, and the scholiasts of after-times to investigate the real sentiments of so great an author.

After so learned an exposition of the causes *why writers write*, and readers read NONSENSE, without perceiving that they write and read *non-sensically*, the critics proceeded regularly to review *the matter* of Mr. Pain's pamphlet under the *three heads*, into which he divides it himself: *the argument; the history; the miscellaneous.*

It was a sad sight, said they, to see at the opening of the controversy, so able a polemick as Mr. Pain turn his back on his opponent. Mr. Burke every where considers the British Constitution as an *actual authority*, and the legislative power, the executive power, and the judicial power, which are emanations from it, as *existing energies*, that preserve the quiet of the public, and produce the happiness of the people. On the other hand, Mr. Pain throughout *his argument*, not only supposes, but asserts, that *the British Constitution nowhere exists*; that the constitutional system, composed as it is of the legislative, the executive, and judicial powers, were its existence even acknowledged, has no valid authority to direct or punish any *grown man*. As a logician, then, he supposes what he ought to prove; and as a philosopher he asserts, much more than argues, against incontrovertible facts. Thus, Mr. Pain, as a bruiser, *shifts* before he is *struck*, and falls before he has put in his blow. And thus the bully, who turns his back, and shifts, and sinks, even before the *set-to*, shews that he is conscious of his own weakness, or fears the strength of his antagonist.

The great art, said the critics, of Mr. Pain, as a polemick, consists in misquoting plainly, or misrepresenting designedly, the positions of his adversary. Mr. Burke had said sarcastically, that every future king of England would succeed hereditarily to the government in contempt of *the Constitutional Society*. Mr. Pain now converts, by the magick of his wand, this plain assertion of fact and law into a positive affirmation of an hereditary succession *in contempt of the people*: and he thereupon enjoys, through twenty pages, the triumph of his own artifice; without reflecting, that the day of detection would come, when the sophister would be exhibited to his own *sentimental mob*, as an object of ridicule.

In treating of *rights of man*, said the critics, Mr. Pain either artfully, or ignorantly, refers always to the rights of savages; never to the rights of *citizens*. How ridiculous is it to reason about the circumstances of men who do not exist on earth. Within the wide circumference of the globe, there have not been found a people, however savage, who had not some rules of action. A fair reasoner, then, was bound to refer, in his argument, to those rules, as *existing energies*. Every nation, however civilized, or however savage, has its own *civil* rights, which are the result of those energies: we speak familiarly of the rights of Englishmen, the rights of Dutchmen, and the rights of Russians. All those various rights spring out of their several systems. If there be a question with regard to the rights of Englishmen, we must refer for a solution to the laws of Englishmen. And, in the same manner, if it be inquired, what fact constitutes the crime of *swindling* in England, we must refer to the statute, which describes the offence; so of perjury, forgery, and other offences, which, as they infringe the rights of particular citizens, are regarded as attacks upon the whole society.

All this was premised, said the critics, in order to enable the reader to determine the grand question, which was debated first between Dr. Price and Mr. Burke, and, secondly, between Mr. Burke and Mr. Pain, as to the manner of *cashiering government*, and *chusing governors*. Among
cool

cool reasoners, it must be allowed in argument, that if every man, woman, and child, in any community, were to vote for cashiering government, they have a right to give such vote, and to appoint new governors. But, did every man, woman, and child, ever meet for such purposes? Never. Will every man, woman, and child, ever meet for such purposes? Never: for it is physically impossible, that every man, woman, and child should ever meet together for any purpose. To talk of deputies is not to conquer the difficulty. The very appointment of delegates to do any act is an advance within the limits of society: but Mr. Pain is in a savage state; he is arguing about *rights of men* who have not yet entered into society; and, therefore, it is not allowable, in candid discussion, to mingle different rights together; to borrow from the laws of society, in order to support the feeble condition of savageness; and yet, to insist, that he adopts none of the notions of society, for the uses of sophistry.

This grand question, then, is to be determined by the maxims of general society; by the rules of the particular society of Great Britain. Thus much being settled, said the critics, there can be no doubt, that according to the laws of the land, every man, any number of men, any community, may petition for the redress of grievances; for the repeal of an old law, or the introduction of a new one. This is done daily, during the sitting of parliament, and it is done rightfully. About this right, then, there is no question.

But the question is, whether, according to the laws of Great Britain, any man, any number of men, any club of men, may attempt by violence to cashier governors, to change government, or to alter the constitution. The answer is, that the laws of Great Britain do not allow such attempts; that the laws of Great Britain punish all persons, as traitors, who make such attempts. Thus, Lord Loughborough explained the law, upon the point, when he delivered his charge to the grand jury, in the Borough, who were to indict the rioters, in 1780*. Thus, upon the trial of Lord George Gordon, Lord Mansfield declared the opinion of the whole court, which was not controverted by any lawyer or by any man. Lord Mansfield went a step further: as there had been some doubts, he declared the opinion of the judges to be, that though every one, and any number of persons, had a right to ask for the redress of grievances, yet the petition must be presented by no more than ten persons, or the parties would be punished as criminals†.

But this mode of reasoning has no weight with Mr. Pain. He declares the constitution of Great Britain not to exist; the laws not to exist; the government not to exist. We are now, said the critics, discussing an important subject candidly. It is not sufficient to *assert* any position, from which interesting deductions are to be drawn; upon which *Revolutions* are to be built. Every reasoner must prove his own premises, before he be allowed to draw his conclusions. Now, as it is a fact, to the truth of which the senses of a whole nation bear testimony, that the constitution, and laws, and government, of Great-Britain do exist, we are obliged, said the critics, to tell Mr. Pain, that as a reasoner he argues here, and through the greater part of his pamphlet, most illogically; because he constantly reasons against facts.

When it is once admitted in argument, because it cannot be denied,

* The critics generally use such authorities as they have at hand; and they quoted, on this occasion, that useful book, Doddsley's Register, 1780, p. 277, for Lord Loughborough's celebrated charge.

† Doddsley's Register, 1781, p. 236, for Lord Mansfield's more celebrated charge to the jury.

that Great Britain is a formed society, having a constitution and laws, it follows as an undeniable consequence, that all the political cases, in Mr. Pain's pamphlet, are to be determined by a reference to the code; to the body of laws. It is therefore unphilosophical in Mr. Pain, to refer continually in his reasonings, to a state of savageness that does not, in fact, exist; or, indeed, to any other state than the laws of the particular country, about which he treats. And as old men, said the critics, we are thus led to suspect, that the ultimate object of Mr. Pain, and of those who circulate his tract, must be, to give themselves little trouble about the constitution and laws of Great Britain, when they can collect numbers enow to annihilate all by a tumult.

We were urged, said the critics, by our years and our apprehensions, to look forward from such reasonings and such an object, to *the end*. What would be the immediate consequences of annihilating *the constitution* and the laws by a *tumult*? All the rights of society, which are emanations from them, would be annihilated by the same stroke of violence. Whoever holds any right under the common law, would lose it; whoever enjoys any privilege under an act of parliament, would lose it; whoever partakes of any franchise from a charter, would lose it: for all these rights are derived only from the laws of society; and the foundation being removed, the superstructure must fall. Yes, say the metaphysical reformers, with wonderful apathy, all this and more would happen, if such events were not prevented; but we can remove your apprehensions by a *single vote*, that such mischiefs shall not ensue. Having lived long enough, said the critics, to prefer present enjoyment to future expectation, we would not trust our liberty, our effects, and our lives, to the promised vote of a metaphysical mob.

Thus much, then, with regard the *argument* of Mr. Pain's pamphlet. The critics proceeded, *secondly*, to consider the *historical part*. As an historian, Mr. Pain plainly takes his side. He avows his purpose, to elevate one party, and to depress the other. A party pamphlet may answer a party purpose: but mankind agree to reprobate a party history. The style, which in historic writing is of essential consequence, being written to please and instruct, will, no doubt, gratify all those, who find delight in bad grammar and false idiom; in harshness of expression and feebleness of pause. It was reported in 1784, we may remember, that Mr. Pain intended to write the history of the American war: but, from this specimen of his impartiality and his language, we are led to imagine, that, however many readers he might meet among the heroes of his tale, he would find few in Britain.

The critics proceeded, *thirdly*, to the *miscellaneous part* of Mr. Pain's pamphlet. As they had said already so much of society, government, and law, they chiefly reviewed what he delivered on *political æconomy*. All that he had retailed in his *Prospects on the Rubicon*, with regard to money, and credit, and commerce, he interweaves into his *Rights of Man*. As he deals much in dogmas, he now disposes of great variety of such goods. He is, however, chiefly anxious to prove, that there is no wealth but money. The cattle of the farmer are not wealth, it seems; whatever wares the shop-keeper may have in the warehouse, he is not wealthy, if he have no money in the till; the knowledge and industry of a tradesman are not wealth, if he have no cash in the chest. By thus asserting money alone to be wealth, and shewing how much coin had been brought into this island, and how little remained; he endeavours to prove, that Great Britain has at present less commerce and opulence, than in former times. He has no notion, it seems, that there is a traffic in bullion. He does not know, that foreign coins are continually imported and sent

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out, just as there is a demand for them at home or abroad : but, said the critics, since the people were instructed by *the Political Oeconomy* of Steuart, and the *Wealth of Nations* of Smith, they are not to be captivated by such sophisms and fooleries.

The foregoing criticism, with all its elaboration, admits of a satisfactory answer. Let the truth be told, and justice be done, whatever may be the consequences. Our author knew, that he asserted what he could not prove ; that he misrepresented what he could not controvert ; that he aimed to delude rather than convince : and his design to vent his prejudices, and serve a party, must be carefully scanned, before his merits can be accurately settled, either as a writer or a man. We forgive, but we despise the retort, which malignity may make, that in order to establish his abilities you must sacrifice his morals.

Notwithstanding the *reviews* of criticism, our author received the applause of party. Nay, philology came in the person of Horne Tooke, who found his retreat after some inquiry, to mingle her cordial gratulations with the thanks of greater powers : *You are*, said he, *like Jove, coming down upon us in a shower of gold*. Our author was highly gratified by such attentions ; yet he was not happy : he plainly wished for something that was studiously withheld. Like honest Rousseau, he longed for prosecution. While fluttering on the wing for Paris, he hovered about London a whole week, waiting to be taken, not by the catchpoles of creditors, but by the runners of Bow-street.

Yet, the messengers of the press would not meddle either with his person, or his pamphlet. Upon what motives the government of England acted, with regard to both, we have never heard. Whether the ministers trusted to the good sense of England, which generally gains the ascendant ; whether they left his *style* to be detected by the school-boys of England ; whether they relinquished his sentiment to be despised by the men of England ; whether they gave up such a character to the contempt of the women of England ; we may conjecture, but cannot tell.

At length, stung by disappointment, our author departed for France, about the middle of May, 1791. He soon found that his prescriptions had worked wonders. The land was tranquil : the people were happy. Yet, in the midst of this tranquility and happiness, the *executive power* departed from Paris : the *executive power* was soon arrested by the *executive power*. These events induced our author to observe, with his *usual coolness*, to his congenial friend, Mr. Thomas Christie : “ You see the absurdity of monarchical governments ; here will be a whole nation disturbed by the folly of one man* ! ” Thus the tongue continually blurts out the prevailing thoughts of the heart ! The experience of such men had never taught them what mischiefs had arisen, in every country, from the madness of the multitude.

An example soon occurred, which ought to have instructed both : a *sentimental mob* † assembled in Paris, to behold the executive power return ; and concurrence of opinion led our author to mingle with *the many*, on that pleasing occasion. An officer proclaimed the will of the National Assembly, that all should be *silent* and *covered*. In a moment, all tongues were still ; all hats were on. Not so our author : He had lost his cockade ; and to have a hat, without a cockade, was treason. A cry arose, *Aristocrat ! Aristocrat ! A' la lanterne ! A' la lanterne !* Whether he preserved his *usual coolness*, during this uncommon danger, we are unable to tell. A Frenchman, who could speak English, desired

* See Mr. Thomas Christie's letter, dated from Paris, June 22d, 1791 ; and published in the Morning Chronicle, of the 29th of June, 1791.

† Id.

him to put on his hat: But the hat, having no cockade, he was involved in a sad dilemma; but the sentimental mob was at length in some measure satisfied by prudent explanation. Our author was now left to balance coolly in equal scales, whether the folly of one man, or the madness of the multitude, be most mischievous, be most inconsistent with freedom. Metaphysical prejudice, like the jaundice, gives a yellow colour to the effervescence of the mind. And we may easily suppose, that our author, like other men, who confound liberty and anarchy together, was not even now convinced, by his personal danger, that there is no safety for property, freedom, or life, in a country, where the individual may be instantly executed, for having no cockade in his hat. Our author returned to London just time enough to partake in the celebration of the French Revolution, on the 14th of July, 1791, though he did not attend at the Crown and Anchor, till eight o'clock in the evening, when the multitude had frowned the seven hundred and fifty celebrators into the obscurity of their homes*.

Biography treats only of the past. Prophecy alone can reveal the future. And, as we are not prophets, we will not conjecture with regard to our author's subsequent life and *fate*.

* On the night of his arrival our author slept at his usual haunt, the White Bear, Piccadilly, on Wednesday the 13th of July; he breakfasted there the next morning; he afterwards dined in the house of one of his well known patrons in the city: yet, it was thought proper that he should not attend the public dinner. And the runners of the *Democrats* were dispatched to the coffee houses and booksellers shops to insist, that our author was not in town; and to attain some object, that cannot be explained, "*To lend a lie the confidence of truth.*"

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